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**Anonymous**

***The Scottish Lasses Complaint for Sawny's [?]: Or,  
her Constant Resolution in Distress Eproving him  
for Trading in London Misses (1672-1696)***

Sawny's unkindness makes poor Jenny grieve,  
Yet he hard-hearted cares not to relieve:  
Tho' she her former kindness does declare,  
How he to ligg by her did once despair:  
The she was kind, but this not moves the Clown,  
He doats upon a Miss of London Town:  
And slights the harmless soul, but let him know,  
That London Misses arm'd with fire below,  
Can at once blasthis Main-Mast overthrow.

To a pleasant new Play-house Tune, Or: Sawny will ne'r be my Love again.

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Scottish Lasses Complaint*  
(1672-1696)

Sawny was talle, and of noble race,  
and lov'd me better then any e'ne;  
But now he ligs by another Lass,  
and Sawny will ne'r be my love again:  
I gave him a fine Scotch Sark and Band,  
I gave him House I gave him Land,  
I let him angle in my Fish-Ponde  
*But Sawny will ne'r be my Love again.*

I rob'd the Groves of all their store,  
and Nosegays made to give Sawny e'ne;  
Ye kist me breast, and fain wou'd he more,  
geid faith I thought him a bonny e'en:  
He squeez'd my fingers, grasp'd my knee,  
And carved my name in each green Tree  
He sigh'd and he languish'd to ligh by me,  
*Yet Sawny will ne'r be my love again.*

My Bongrace, and my Sunburn'd face,  
he prais'd, and also my Russet Gown:  
But now he dotes on the Copper-Lace  
of some lew'd Queen of London Town:  
He gan'd and he gave her Curds & Cream,  
whilst I poor saul sat sighing at h'eme,  
I'se ne'r joy'd Sawny, but in a dream,  
*And Sawny will ne'r be my love again.*

When last he did croak my freckled Cheek,  
and chuck'd me coyly under the chin;  
I'se found methought an unusual dislike,  
how his kindness to start did begin:  
It was not like what he swore he'd design'd,  
but my wishes and sighs are all vain,  
For his words are unconstant as Wind,  
*And Sawny will ne'r be my love again.*

When as on the Primrose bank we lay,  
toying and tricking with each other,  
He wantonly with my hair wou'd play,  
and then with a kiss his passion smother:  
Ye thought it a bliss to ligg by me,  
and that I lov'd him above each Swain:  
And often he prais'd my Legg and Theigh,  
*But Sawny will ne'r be my Love again.*

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Scottish Lasses Complaint*  
(1672-1696)

Geid Faith we often talk'd of bliss,  
yet I'se ne'r joy'd it but in a Song:  
And now and then an amorous Riss,  
to pass the tedious time along:  
Which kept me from my so often wish,  
but all my hopes and thoughts are vain,  
For now he seeds on another Dish,  
*And Sawny will ne'r be my love again.*

He gangs with a Miss of the Town whole [?],  
with peinting and patchings made so fine,  
Tho' otherwise she's void of grace,  
and Sawny will never more be mine:  
Tho' I have often gin him Cream,  
with Strawberries pluck'd on the Plain,  
And oft with whey have feasted his Wem,  
*Yet Sawny will ne'r be my love again.*

I Filberts pluckt from every Tree,  
and Chesnuts gave him many a score:  
That he'd be kind and ligg by me,  
but now I can hope for my Sawny no more.  
He swore and vow's he'd ever be mine,  
But now I see he did but feign,  
And false-hearted man did my ruin design,  
*For Sawny will ne'r be my love again.*

Yet tho' he's false, I'le constant prove,  
no Lad shall ever ligg by me,  
Tho's he's unkind, yet still I'le love,  
and Sawny shall my bonny be:  
And I'le think I clasp him in my arms,  
tho' such fine knacks are onely vain:  
And so conceit to lull with charms,  
*that Sawny may once be my love again.*

Least I with his cruel usage pine,  
to think he doats on a filthy Quean,  
That lovely Sawny that once was mine,  
to me more precious then any e'ne:  
I'le think of him tho' he's unkind,  
and former he's sickle as the wind.  
*Yet Sawny may once be my love again.*